

# THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements &c

VOLUME 42.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1885.

NUMBER 4.

## THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

HENRY R. WEST,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE West Side of Main Street, two  
doors North of the Public Square.

TERMS:  
One copy, one year, \$1.00  
One copy, six months, .50  
One copy, three months, .25  
Single copy, 10 cents

Outside of Monroe County, after  
September 1st, 1885, postage paid  
by the Publisher—\$2 in advance  
Subscriptions can be commenced at any  
time.

### Advertising Rates:

One square, one week, \$1.00  
One square, two weeks, 1.50  
One square, three months, 4.00  
One square, six months, 7.00  
One square, one year, 12.00  
One eighth column, one month, 1.00  
One eighth column, three months, 2.50  
One eighth column, six months, 4.00  
One eighth column, one year, 7.00  
One fourth column, one month, 1.50  
One fourth column, three months, 3.50  
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One half column, one month, 2.00  
One half column, three months, 4.50  
One half column, six months, 7.00  
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Legal advertisements charged at the rate  
of one dollar per square for first insertion,  
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Advertisements of Executors, Administrators  
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### ATTORNEYS.

WILLIAM F. O'NEIL,  
Notary Public.

### WM. O'KEY & SON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Will practice in Monroe and adjoining coun-  
ties. Office south of Public Square, formerly  
occupied by Hollister & Okey. mh14/85

### G. W. HAMILTON,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.  
(Office over Pope & Castle's Drug Store.)  
Woodsfield, Ohio.  
Will practice in Monroe and other counties.  
Jan 17/85.

### James Watson,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.  
Jan 17/85.

### W. S. WILEY,

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
REAL ESTATE AGENT.  
(Office over estate in the Court House.)  
NEW MARTINSVILLE, WEST VA.  
Jan 17/85.

### SPRIGGS & DRIGGS,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law  
And Claim Agents,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.  
Office—Up stairs in Court House.  
Feb 7/85.

### IMMENSE STOCK

—OF—  
**FURNITURE!**  
—AT—  
**HEBLING & STOEHR'S,**  
NEAR THE DEPOT,  
WOODSFIELD, OHIO

Extra inducements to customers in the way of  
GOOD GOODS FOR LOW PRICES

and as cheap as the cheapest.

Wardrobes, Chairs, Tables, Bu-  
reaus, Bedsteads, Looking  
Glasses, Hat Racks, Picture  
Frames,  
And everything else in the Furniture Line

Pictures Framed to Order  
IN BEST OF STYLE.

### UNDERTAKING

Promptly and carefully attended to. All  
kinds of Undertaking Goods always on hand,  
consisting of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds and  
Burial Robes of all sizes.  
dec 27/84.

### A PRIZE

Send five cents for  
postage, and receive  
free, a costly set of  
goods which will help  
all, of either sex, to more money right away  
than anything else in this world. Fortune  
await the workers absolutely free. At once  
address **Times & Co., Augusta, Maine.**—41—85.

## BROWN'S

IRON

BITTERS

THE BEST TONIC.

For the cure of all diseases of the  
Blood and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to  
Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.  
It does not injure the stomach, cause headache,  
produce constipation—other than from medicine.  
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates  
the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, re-  
lieves rheumatism and neuralgia, and strength-  
ens the muscular and nervous system.  
For Indigestion, Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of  
Energy, etc., it has no equal.  
Be careful to observe trade mark and  
avoid red lines on wrapper. Take no other.  
Bottled only by BROWN'S CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.  
Nov 25/84.

### PHYSICIANS.

DR. B. DENNIE,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
BEALLSVILLE, OHIO.  
Office in the Armstrong property.  
ap 30/84.

### DR. J. W. WAY,

Physician and Surgeon,  
ELM GROVE, Washington Tp, Monroe  
County, Ohio.  
All calls promptly attended to, during the  
day or night. feb 25/85.

### DR. JAMES A. MCCOY,

DENTIST,  
CRAWFORD, OHIO.  
Visits Woodfield Regularly. I guar-  
antee better work and also better material  
than any Dentist in the county. ap 15/84

### Ohio Farmers Fire Insurance Com.

LEROY, OHIO.  
Insures nothing but Farm property. Rates  
lower than those of any other Company doing  
business in this county.

Assets, : : \$1,187,236 03  
All Losses promptly paid.  
JOHN JEFFERS,  
Beallsville, Ohio,  
nov 12/84. Agent for Monroe County.

### ORGANS.

(MUSIC COMMITTEE'S School Boards or  
private families desiring to purchase an  
ORGAN can procure first class instruments at  
lowest cash prices by calling on or address-  
ing Rev. W. T. GARROWAY,  
Woodsfield, Ohio.  
Enter Organs a Specialty.

### A. G. W. POTTS,

General Insurance Agent,  
Hamilton, Ohio.  
Agent for the following Companies:  
Also for Tornadoes, Cyclones, Hurricanes  
and Wind Storms.

### ANAZON.

Cincinnati.  
ROYAL OF Liverpool, England.  
LONDON and LANCASHIRE, England.

### QUEEN OF Liverpool, England.

Ohio, of Dayton. Dayton.  
Applications also taken for various other  
Companies, all of which are the most reli-  
able Companies in the United States. All  
classes of

### Town and Country Buildings,

Merchandise, Lumber, Stock,  
Grain and Farm Implements.  
Insured at low rates in good Companies. Ap-  
plications either by mail or in person  
promptly attended to.  
mar 27/84.

### Fine Art Marble Works,

JOHN M. EBERLE, Proprietor.  
Miltonsburg, O.

### MONUMENTS

Of all kinds. Also manufacturer of Monu-  
ments, Tombstones, etc., of both

### Italian and American Marble,

which he will sell at prices that

### DEFY COMPETITION.

Selling Granite in an experiment with me.  
have been handling it so extensively this  
season, and competition so severe, that it  
was necessary to make

### Special Arrangements

for selling it. Parties buying of me or of  
my agent, SIMON J. DORR, Woods-  
field, Ohio, can secure work 25 or 30 per  
cent cheaper than elsewhere.

### Designs and Estimates Furnished

on application. Mr. Eberle is the builder of  
the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Bell-  
aire, Ohio.

## Select Story.

### TWO DOZEN BUTTONS.

Betty sighed. Now, why she should  
sigh at this particular moment  
no one on earth could tell. And it was  
all the more exasperating because John  
had just generously put into her little  
satchel a brand new two-dollar bill.

"What's the matter?" he said, his face  
falling at the faint sound and his mouth  
clapping together in what those who  
knew him but little called an obstinate  
pucker. Now what was it?

Betty, who had just begun to change  
the sigh into a merry little laugh, stopped  
all over the corners of the red lips  
stopped suddenly, tossed her head, and  
with a small jerk no way conciliatory  
sent out the words:

"You needn't insinuate, John, that I  
am always troublesome."

"I didn't insinuate—who's talking of  
insinuating?" cried he, thoroughly in-  
jured at the very first, and backing  
away a few steps, he glared down from  
a tremendous height, in extreme irri-  
tation. "It's yourself who is forever in-  
sulting and all that, and then for you  
to put it on me! It's really abominable."

The voice was harsh, and the eyes that  
looked down into hers were not pleasant  
to behold.

"And if you think, John Peabody,  
that I'll stand and have such things said  
to me, you may as well guess—that's all!"  
cried Betty, with two big red spots com-  
ing in her cheeks, as she tried to draw  
her little red finger to its utmost di-  
visions. "Forever insulting!"

"Guess you wouldn't have said that before  
I married you. Oh, now you can, of  
course!"

"Didn't you say it first, I'd like to  
know?" cried John, in great exaspera-  
tion, drawing near the small creature he  
called "wife," who was gazing at him  
with blazing eyes of indignation; "I  
can't endure everything!"

"And if you bear more than I do,"  
cried Betty, wholly beyond control now,  
"why, then, I'll give up." And she gave  
a bitter little laugh and tossed her head  
again.

And here they were in the midst of a  
quarrel. These two who, but a year be-  
fore, had promised to love, honor and  
keep each other through life.

"Now," said John, and he brought  
his hand down with such a bang on the  
table before him that Betty nearly slipped  
out of her little shoe—only she con-  
trolled the start, for she would have died  
before she had let John see it. "We have  
had no more of this nonsense!"

His face was very pale and the lines  
around the mouth showed that it would  
have gone to any one's heart to have seen  
his expression.

"I don't know how you will change it  
or help it," said Betty, who, to his  
dismay at the turn affairs had taken,  
I'm sure, and she pushed back the light  
sweating hair from her forehead with a  
savoury, indifferent gesture.

That hair that John, tired or dishearten-  
ed, and called her "child." Her gesture  
struck to his heart as a glance at her  
sunny locks, and the cool, indifferent  
face underneath, and before he knew it  
he was saying:

"There is no help for it now, I sup-  
pose."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Betty, still in  
that cool, calm way that ought not to  
have deceived him. But men know no  
little of women's hearts, although they  
may live with them for years in closest  
friendship. "You need not try to en-  
dure it, John Peabody, if you don't want  
to. I'm sure I don't care!"

What do you mean?

Her husband grasped her arms and  
compelled the merry brown eyes to look  
up to him.

"I can go back to mother's," said Betty,  
travelling, "I can go back to mother's,"  
and then you can live quietly and as you  
like, and it will be better all around."

Instead of bringing out a violent pro-  
testation of fond affection and remorse,  
which she fully expected, John drew  
himself up, looked at her fixedly for a  
long, long minute, then dropped her arm,  
and with white lips said slowly:

"Yes, it may be better as you say, bet-  
ter all around. You know best!" and  
was gone from the room before she could  
recover from her astonishment  
enough to utter a sound.

With a wild cry Betty rushed across  
the room, first losing the ten dollar bill  
savagely as far as she could throw it,  
and flinging herself on the comfortable  
old sofa, broke into a flood of bitter  
tears—the first she had shed during her  
married life.

"How could he have done it! Oh, what  
have I said? Oh, John, John!"  
The bird twittered in his little cage  
over in the window among the plants—  
Betty remembered like a flash how John  
and she had filed the seed-cup for that  
morning; how he had laughed when she  
tried to put it in between the bars and  
when she couldn't reach without getting  
upon a chair he took her in his great  
arms and held her up, just like a child,  
that she might fix it to suit herself.

And the "bird" he had said in his ten-  
der way, they had gone down to the  
depths of her foolish little heart, and  
singing her about her work singing for  
very gladness of spirit.

Betty stuffed her fingers hard into her  
rose ears to shut out the bird's chirping.  
"If he only knew why I sighed," she  
moaned. "Oh, my husband! Birthdays  
—nothing will make any difference now.  
Why, when I die?"

He long ago sheaved there, crouched  
down on the old sofa, she never knew  
Over and over the dreadful scenes she  
went, realizing its worst features each  
time in despair, until a voice out in the  
kitchen said: "Betty!" and heavy foot-  
steps proclaimed that some one was  
on the point of breaking in upon her un-  
invited.

Betty sprang up, choking back her  
sobs, and tried with all her might to  
compose herself and remove all traces  
of her trouble.

The visitor was the worst possible one  
she could have under the circumstance.  
Crowding herself on terms of the closest  
intimacy with the pretty bride, who with  
her husband, had moved into the village  
a twelve-month previous, Miss Elvira  
Simmons had made the very most of her

opportunities, and by dint of making  
great parade over helping her in some  
domestic work such as house cleaning,  
dress-making and the like, the maiden  
had managed to get into the position  
of confidante at one and the same  
time, pretty effectually.

She always called by the first name,  
though Betty resented it; and she made  
a great handle of her friendship  
on every occasion, making John rage  
violently and vow a thousand times the  
"old maid" should walk.

But she never had—and now, ac-  
cordingly, like a cat after her own  
prey, that trouble might come to the  
pretty little white house, the make-mis-  
chief had come to do her work; if de-  
vastation had not already commenced.

"Bless crying!" she said, more plati-  
taneously, sinking down into the pre-  
tended rocking-chair with an  
energy that showed that she meant to  
stay, and made the chair creak fearfully.

"Only folks do say that you and your  
husband don't love each other—but I  
don't mind—I know that's your fault."

Betty's heart stood still. Had it come to  
this? John and she not love each other?  
To be sure they didn't, as she remem-  
bered with a pang the dreadful scene of  
words and hot tempers; but had it got-  
ten around so soon—a story in every-  
body's mouth?

With all her distress of mind she was  
saved from opening her mouth. So  
Miss Simmons, falling in that was forced  
to go on.

"An I tell folks so," she said, rocking  
herself back and forth to witness the ef-  
fect of her words, "when they get  
talking, you can't blame me if things  
don't go easy for you, I'm sure!"

"You tell folks?" repeated Betty,  
vaguely, and standing quite still.

"What? I don't understand."

"Why, that the blame is all his,"  
cried the old maid, exasperated at her  
strange and slow dullness. "I tell  
you, why there couldn't no one live  
with him, let alone that pretty wife he's  
got. That's what I say, Betty. And  
then I tell 'em what a queer man he is,  
how cross, —"

"And you dare to tell people such  
things about my husband?" cried Betty,  
drawing herself up to her extreme  
height, and towering so over the old wo-  
man in the chair that she jumped in con-  
fusion at the storm she had raised, and  
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things about my husband?" cried Betty,  
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height, and towering so over the old wo-  
man in the chair that she jumped in con-  
fusion at the storm she had raised, and  
stared blindly into the blazing eyes and  
face rosy with righteous indignation—  
her only thought was how to get away  
from the storm and her dullness. "I tell  
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